

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

m a r c h 2 0 1 6

The Hair Apparent  
by Mariner Trilling

Wishbone One:  
A Grateful Nation  
by Jami Mills

THE SURREAL TOWER  
by TSNKO

poetry by  
Juliesse/  
Albatros

Spring of '84  
by Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

# CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **The Hair Apparent** Mariner Trilling interviews the Donald's hair with very disturbing consequences.
- **Surgery of the Soul** Jullianna Juliesse offers a difficult but beautifully written poem about losing almost everything.
- **Chain Gang Ant** Chris Mooney-Singh (Singh Albatros) adds to our view of the lowly ant going about its business.
- **Wishbone One: A Grateful Nation** In Chapter Five of Jami Mills' take on Mars exploration, gravity finally gives way.
- **The Surreal Tower** TSNKO (The Still Not Known One) picks up where Art Blue left off with musings about the future.
- **Spring of '84** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell vividly brings to life her reminiscences about shooting the Colorado rapids.
- **Sleeping With Angels** Singh Albatros closes with a fable about an angel's enlightenment which, like Chain Gang Ant, has an audio link to Singh's heartfelt reading of the story.

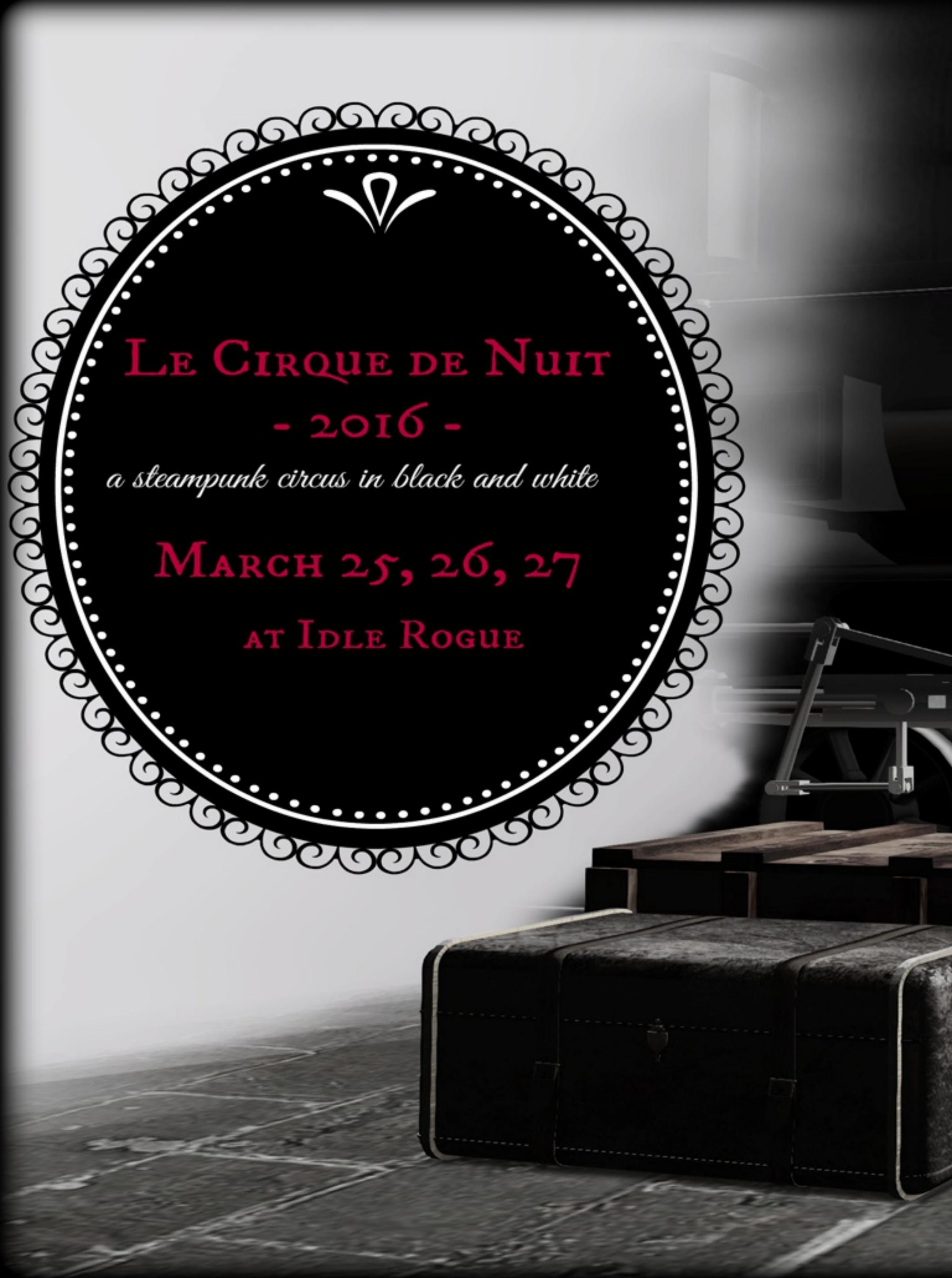
## About the Cover:

In one of the great coups in *rez's* long history of brilliant interviews, Mariner Trilling courageously stands up to Donald Trump...well, at least his hair. No one, not even Mariner, ever saw what was to come when he attempted to hold the hair to some semblance of accountability.



# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





LE CIRQUE DE NUIT  
- 2016 -

*a steampunk circus in black and white*

MARCH 25, 26, 27  
AT IDLE ROGUE







# AFTER DARK — LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue



Contact Meegan Danitz  
[meegan.danitz@gmail.com](mailto:meegan.danitz@gmail.com)  
[facebook.com/AfterDarkSL](https://facebook.com/AfterDarkSL)

# Skiing

## BEACH

COUPLES & SINGLE

WELCOME

Trinacria (32,89 2

ADULT

# Powder

## RESORT

LES

E!

22)



# PLAYGROUND



The R

An Int

Donal

by Mariner Trill

# Hair Apparent

## Interview with

## and Trump's Hair

ing



I had been a citizen of the virtual world for about nine years, and being a freelance writer was the closest thing I've ever had to a real job in Second Life. I'd written in-world fiction, comedy skits, and news articles. I'd written about sex, relationships, and grief attacks. But when I heard that Donald Trump's presidential campaign had a presence in-world, I knew I had an important story. I did visit his virtual world presidential campaign headquarters but found that there was no way I could arrange an actual interview with Donald Trump; however, I did manage to interview the Donald Trump hair, which is available in the Second Life marketplace for \$175L.

Politics in the virtual world of Second Life is nothing new. It's a world built completely by the ideas of the people within it, so political ideas would naturally be represented. Politicians quickly found in the early, wild-west days of virtual reality that they were not only fighting political adversaries, they were battling people who were attacking them just for the fun of it. They found their campaigns under attack from penis bombs and particle weapons. The 2008 presidential campaign of Democrat John Edwards was attacked mercilessly, including a matching building built right next door to support the write-in candidacy of the same named television psychic John

Edwards. It turned out that the most devastating attacks were the efforts of a griever group with no political agenda whatsoever.

Most of the other much larger virtual worlds don't allow enough flexibility of content to be a good platform for political activism; however on January 1, 2008 in the World of Warcraft, hundreds of trolls, humans, elves, orcs, and others gathered on the Whisperwind realm to march across Azeroth in support of Ron Paul's presidential campaign. They didn't have any signs or anything; they just marched and got yelled at.

I have been a registered, capital 'L' Libertarian for most of my political life, so I take it for granted that I will never get anything that I want out of the political system. I understand no one in the mainstream political system will interpret the Constitution the way I do. I know that both parties point to my ideas as “destructive” to America. I know that no matter who wins, I won't get anything I want from the political system and that no matter who loses, they will blame the third party for splitting the vote, so I'm always interested in candidates outside the mainstream.

So, here comes Donald Trump - - a man who has created results, a man who can say what has to be said, a self-

made man who is accountable to no one and does what it takes. I thought that's what I wanted in a candidate.

When Donald Trump began to talk about a presidential campaign in 2011, he caught my attention. I had read his interviews, and like so many people, I loved his TV show. I wanted to see him drag politicians into his TV boardroom and tell them, "You're fired!" But then, he made candidate Barack Obama's birth certificate his main campaign issue while avoiding a lot of specifics about real government policy. Most serious people knew that

mainstream Republicans were happy to let the Donald fall on his own birther sword and make room for a more palatable candidate.

I was disillusioned that someone like Donald Trump that I looked up to, could so easily consume Internet sensationalism, and I assumed a lot of people shared my disillusionment. But in this year's presidential election cycle, he has come roaring back as if it never happened, with an angry new campaign built on the premise that America is not great and peppered with insults and sometimes disturbing ideas.

If you divide his vast person wealth by his personal volume, his hair alone is worth more than I will ever be.

the whole 'birther' thing was just Internet conspiracy theory. Illinois State politics is some of the nastiest politics in the Union. There is no way Illinois Republicans would have let Obama make Senator without knowing all about him. It was said that even Karl Rove, republican strategist mastermind, sent emails through the Republican infrastructure telling people not to pursue the birth certificate issue because it would not stand up. One might imagine that the

The opportunity to interview Donald Trump's hair filled me with a mix of emotions. I had to respect all the achievements of his life, but at the same time, his power and lack of accountability to anybody were frightening in the face of some of the statements he had made. My plan was to focus the interview on a few straightforward questions about some of his more controversial plans and statements. In my research, I had seen how he reacted to the real, seasoned,



and respected journalists, so I expected the worst when it came to him dealing with me.

Even though I was only interviewing his hair, I was still very nervous. If you divide his vast personal wealth by his personal volume, his hair alone is worth more than I ever will be.

## The Interview

I met with Donald Trump's hair at the Trump Campaign headquarters in-world.

MT: *Thank you for meeting me. I've always been an admirer of yours, and I very much appreciate the opportunity to ask some questions.*

DTH: I'm happy to be here.

MT: *I would like to look at some of the things that have caused controversy for your campaign and give you an opportunity to speak to them. Let's start with the tax plan you have put forward. It features removing 75,000,000 households from the tax rolls and cutting all business tax to a flat 15%.*

DTH: That's right! If you are single and earn less than \$25,000, or married and jointly earn less than \$50,000, you will not owe any income tax. You get a new one-page form to send the IRS saying, "I win."

MT: *But sir, a number of groups have analyzed your tax plan and found that it would reduce Federal revenue by 9.5 trillion dollars in the first decade. The revenue cuts in your tax plan are almost equal to what the government*

*will spend on all its discretionary programs put together.*

DTH: What do they know? If it works the way I want it to work, it's not going to increase the deficit because we're going to bring back jobs.

MT: *But analysis from all over the partisan spectrum shows your tax plan to be unsustainable: The Tax Policy Center, The Cato Institute, The Tax Foundation ...*

DTH: Losers, amateurs, lightweights! This will be a rocket ship for the economy. Let's move on to the next question.

MT: *But ...*

DTH: Next question.

I wasn't sure, but it looked like the hair had physically grown larger, as if it had become too big to fit on a normal head. It also rose up higher off the ground so I had to look up at it. I tried to ignore the change and continue the interview.

MT: *Uh, ok ... Another area where you have drawn criticism is immigration policies. You've called for a ban on Muslims entering the country.*

DTH: That's right! They're not coming to this country if I'm President!

The hair raised its voice to boom across the parcel.

DTH: And if Obama let them in, they're leaving! they're going! THEY'RE GONE!

I was a little shaken as the hair's booming voice echoed in the distance. I couldn't blow my first chance at a major story interviewing a high-profile political figure. I maintained my composure and tried to remain professional.

MT: *But sir, it really isn't clear that it is legal to differentiate between immigrants based on their faith.*

DTH: There's tremendous hatred out there that I've never seen anything like. We can take it sitting back - - you will have many more World Trade Centers.

The hair grew even larger, almost 12 feet across, and hovered over me menacingly.

DTH: Our country cannot be the victims of horrendous attacks by people that believe only in Jihad, and have no sense of reason or respect for human life!

I stood my ground as the hair grew larger and began to form angry scowling eyes. I couldn't lose control

of the interview. I had been polite and professional. My questions were not out of line. Now might be my only chance to press for real answers.

MT: *But sir, how do you intend to screen out Muslims? How do you intend to track them? (I had to shout upward to the growing hair.) You've said you'd have the government agents ask people if they're Muslim?*

DTH: If they say yes, they would not be allowed in this country!

MT: *But sir, only a very tiny percentage of Muslims are involved in extremism. The vast majority of terrorism victims are Muslims. And really, the government can't ask people about their religion. Their religion is supposed to be protected.*

DTH: I don't care!!!

DTH: You feel safe right now? I don't feel so safe!

I couldn't give in to my fears. I couldn't give into his threats. This man was accountable to no one and had access to more resources than anyone in the country. I saw another shadowy figure fleeing the fire and chaos. It was Republican presidential hopeful Jeb Bush running for shelter. The hair caught sight of Bush running away and went after him like a shark going after prey.

DTH: You need your mommy to help you? I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody and I wouldn't lose voters!

The hair spit another giant flaming bag of money that crashed down on Bush crushing his body under tons of

Now was the time for me to stand up for liberty or fall to oppression. I shouted up at the hair.

The hair grew to the size of the Goodyear Blimp and spit a giant flaming bag of money weighing 15 tons that destroyed a low-prime furniture shop in the next parcel.

burning hundred dollar bills. A chill went down my spine as I realized that not even the powerful political mainstream could stop him. This is how people lose control of their



government. This is how the oppressive autocrats and theocrats of the world rise to power. We can't let him destroy our freedoms. Now was the time for me to stand up for liberty or fall to oppression. I shouted up at the hair.

MT: *You and the government will never have anything to say about my religion! I may be Muslim, I may not be! I will never tell you! What are you going to do about it? You can waterboard me! You can put me in an internment camp! But you will never take my faith by force!*

DTH: You're not bringing up anything new. You're acting like you're the great reporter, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH!!

The hair shot another giant flaming bag of money, this time aimed right at

me. I was able to dive behind a parked car just as it exploded into a blaze of prims and particles that momentarily lagged the sim. The giant voice shook the sky.

DTH: I AM SO RICH!!!

The hair moved off to the east, raining fire and destruction as if it lost interest in me. If the hair could grow beyond this region, it could potentially overtake the entire mainland. Then there would be no stopping it from spreading across the entire grid. While I slumped against the car catching my breath, I heard new explosions and sirens in the distance as the giant Trump voice continued like far-away thunder punctuated by explosions of money.

DTH: WE HAVE PEOPLE THAT



ARE MORALLY CORRUPT!!! WE HAVE PEOPLE SELLING THIS COUNTRY DOWN THE DRAIN!!!

In my mind, I could see the devastation that he would unleash and understood that I was responsible for all this. I wanted simple answers. I wanted someone different to change our screwed-up system. I wanted to stand up and cheer when he shouted, "We need to bomb the shit out of them." I wanted someone to protect me from terrorists, but there are no simple answers to our political problems, and now I see that this is what the terrorists wanted all along. They want us to be afraid.

The terrorists can hijack our planes, bomb our buildings, kill hundreds, thousands of people, but they can never destroy what America stands for. They can never occupy North America and force us to submit to searches, surveillance. They can never come here and force us to register our religious affiliation as they do in the villages they attack. Only our

government can do that to us.

The hair was already a full kilometer to the east, but I could still see the red glow on the horizon and knew there was no stopping it now. The hair had become so large and powerful that the primaries were already a total loss. Our only hope now is to fall back and regroup around the general election, then hit it with everything we've got. There we must make our final stand against the hair.

. r — e — z .



# Chain Gang Ant

by Chris Mooney–Singh  
(Singh Albatros)

I am just one of the chain gang,  
a thousand moveable mandibles  
rubbing thorax to red thorax with purpose  
to crop, to crimp, to chew and glue  
two sides of a leaf cathedral together.

The higher-ups send down the orders,  
then we're off –  
marching and singing to engineer  
another green-horn cornucopia  
trumpeting up the jungle jazz.

See my jaws of silk in a dewdrop,  
tick my attendance in the scheme of things.  
I am a pest controller of the citrus orchard,  
a water-proofer of nursery nests,  
the tiniest sweat worker in the emerald forest.  
I'm a little link in the chain of command.

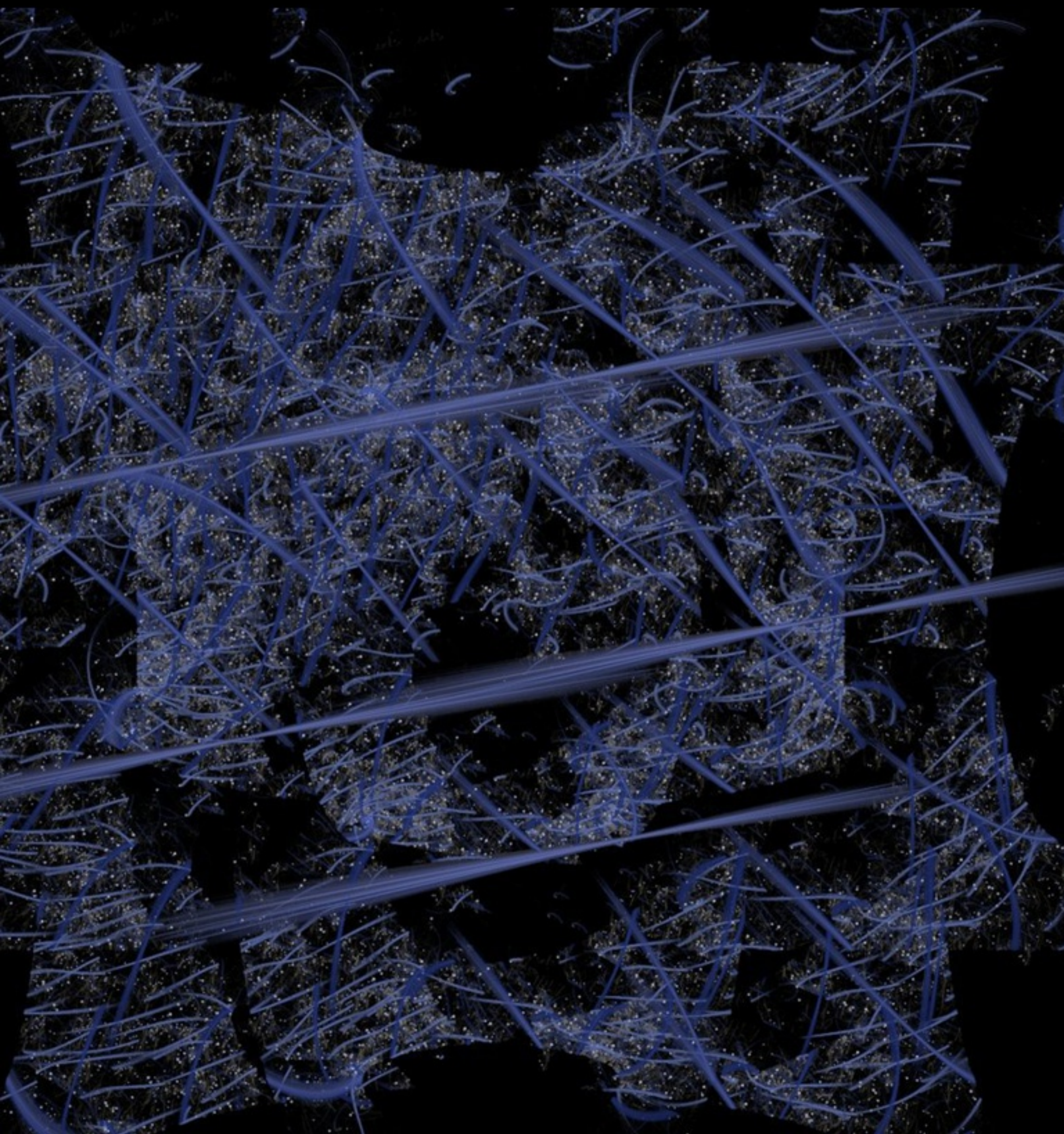
audio file (click here):

<https://soundcloud.com/chris-mooney-singh-audio/chain-gang-ant>



# SURGERY OF THE SOUL

BY JULLIANNA JULIESSE



The sun kisses its red lips  
Through the lace curtains  
While I sip tepid tea.  
Sparrows move in slow motion  
To and from the feeder,  
Suet clumps sticky on my bedroom window.

Last year, you cut my feelings  
From me.

But I no longer recall  
The straps around my wrists and thighs -  
The electric shock shards piercing my temples,  
Or that final crunch when you thrust  
The icepick into my eye.

You cut away all those feelings  
With your shiny butter knife -  
Twisting into my rebellious brain,  
Like a petulant grapefruit  
Served up on a plate at Sunday brunch.

It took less than 10 minutes.

After, you asked how many pennies  
Were in the jar on the white counter.  
You shook it, and the sound  
Of copper against clear glass was deafening and terrifying.  
I guessed 4,322, and you proclaimed success.

Today, I can't remember how to set a table,  
Where my butter knife goes,  
But I still have a life.  
You may have scraped my brain clean  
But you did not touch my soul.

# Wishbone One

Chapter Five:  
A Grateful Nat



ion

by Jami Mills

“So, this will be our final session before the launch, Colonel. You must be filled with a lot of emotion. It would be natural if you felt some apprehension. Imagine - - just three days away and here you are on the brink of history. That’s pretty heady stuff. Let’s use our time together today to explore anything you think we’ve either missed, or undervalued in our prior sessions.” Captain Snyder’s blonde hair was tightly pulled back in its usual style, her makeup impeccable, and with her stiff, military bearing, she conveyed an austere severity. Jimmy had never seen her without a notepad on her lap. Her legs were demurely crossed, her pressed blue skirt not quite reaching her knees. And yet, Jimmy felt completely relaxed with her and had no qualms whatsoever about sharing his deepest secrets. After all, at this point in his life, here on the “brink of history,” what on Earth did he have to lose?

“Let’s talk about sex, Captain.”

With the wink, Jimmy could see his therapist unsuccessfully try to suppress a smile. “This is a core value of yours, Colonel Madison. We’ve talked about your need for validation, your need for intimacy. Sex provides these things for you. It interests me, however, that you would choose this topic instead of family, death and dying, your legacy. Why choose sex for our last session?

How do you feel about sex and physical intimacy, Colonel? Try to share with me something that reaches a little deeper than in our explorations of the subject in prior sessions.”

“As you know, I’ve been treated before for - - I forget the clinical name - - “sex addiction.” It’s not the physical act itself I obsess about. I suppose it’s connecting with another human being and the relief it provides me - - how it reduces, at least temporarily, the pervasive “aloneness” I often feel. Aloneness, not loneliness.”

“You said ‘not loneliness,’ Colonel. What do you mean?”

“This connectedness I crave, you’re right - - it’s at my core, but it’s not loneliness. I’ve don’t really feel lonely at all - - I enjoy my own company. But when I’m with an attractive woman, I can’t escape the desire to completely meld with her. If I could crawl entirely inside her, merge with her on a molecular level, I would. Sex is the closest thing in my life that enables me to achieve that ‘merging.’ Apparently, though, this need is more of a compulsion that has been diagnosed as “pathological,” and something that, without treatment, could cause - - and may have already caused - - lasting harm to me and others.”

“Do you think it’s pathological,

Colonel, or are you comfortable with these impulses?” Captain Snyder’s fingers were nimbly typing on her notepad. She had long since mastered the art of unobtrusively typing while making attentive eye contact with her patients.

“I suppose it’s a matter of degree, Captain. It hasn’t disrupted by professional life.”

“Colonel, none of this surprises me in the least. I don’t believe you are a sex addict and I don’t believe you have a pathological disposition toward sex. We’ve learned so much about sexuality recently.”

Jimmy paused to consider how the 2051 Gehry Study on Sexuality affected planning for prolonged space travel and how it so fundamentally impacted his mission. As he learned from his training with Grace, the Gehry Study caused a paradigm shift in space travel. It’s what launched the M\*E\*S\*H program now incorporated into the newest generation of AIs. It was never understood until recently that sex was not merely something recreational to while away the long, tedious hours of space travel, but an essential underpinning of mental health, crucial to mission success.

In test after test, astronauts suffered severe stress in space that only seemed

to be alleviated through sex. M\*E\*S\*H is probably the most sophisticated sequence of computer code ever introduced into an AI. It’s M\*E\*S\*H that has converted Grace from an ultra-competent robot into a “sexual” being - - a more “human” being if you will. It’s really quite brilliant. It’s no wonder that it won Gehry the Nobel Prize. They tell me that Grace may well save my life on this mission - - she’s that important to its success.

Captain Snyder stopped typing and said to Jimmy, “The thought of programming an AI with the complexity of sexual response has turned psychologists’ and sociologists’ heads spinning for decades. I don’t need to remind you how anxious people were about the introduction of M\*E\*S\*H. “It’s going to change everything,” they said. It’s all anyone ever talked about. Old attitudes and habits had to be jettisoned once M\*E\*S\*H arrived. But we all survived.”

“I think I’m looking forward to my time with Grace more than any other part of the mission. Crazy, isn’t it? I mean, here I am - - flying to Mars - - and I’m thinking about Grace.”

“Yes, Colonel. In therapeutic circles, we call that ‘batshit crazy.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Dude! How goes it, Jimmy? I never thought I’d see you here so close to your launch. You’re the talk of the town now. Hell, you’re the talk of the world. To think, a buddy of mine being the first man to walk on Mars. Hey, don’t let that AI of yours elbow you out of the way to claim the honor, either. What’s up, man?” Pete playfully punched Jimmy’s bicep, who then instinctively went into a boxer’s crouch.

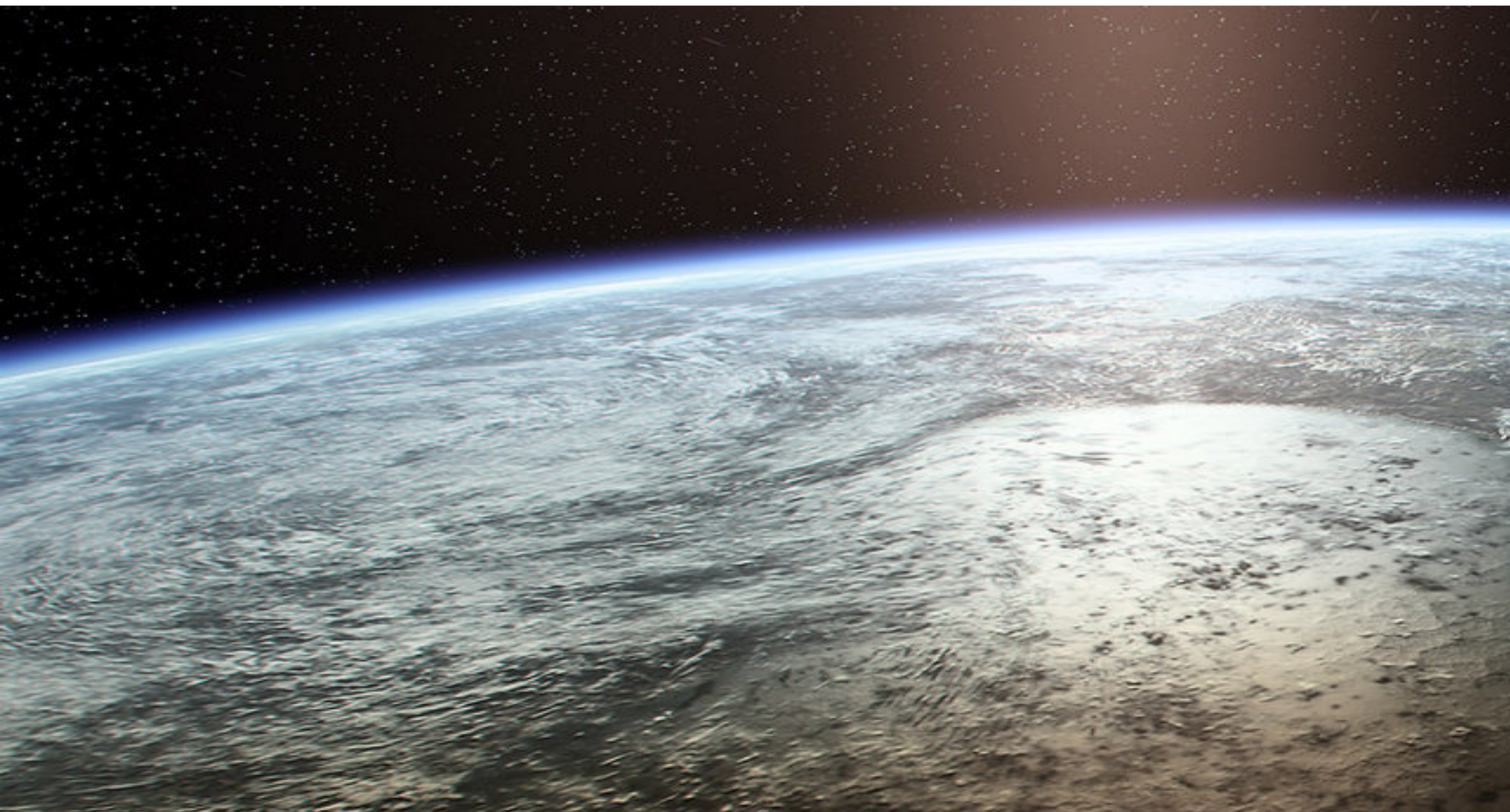
If Pete Starks would just add a pair of coke-bottle glasses and a pocket protector to his look, he’d be the quintessential nerd. First in his class at MIT. No slouch, Pete. If there were a piece of code nearby, Pete would find it, field strip it like an M-60, tell you who wrote it and why it wasn’t up to Pete’s lofty standards. Without asking,

Pete would probably re-write it on the spot.

“I need a favor, and you’re my go-to guy when it comes to programming.” Pete lit up a joint and kicked his feet up on his coffee table, strewn with technical magazines, treatises, an overflowing ashtray and last night’s Buffalo wings. “Pete, this is disgusting,” Jimmy said as he picked up the bones and took them into the kitchen. “Pete, how do you live like this?”

“Hey, what’s your question, dude? Or are you going to bust my chops some more?” Pete smiled and was happy that he could help Jimmy. “Anything for you. Whadya need?”

“How hard would it be to hack into the self-driving mechanism of a car and



take control of it?” Jimmy’s face turned deadly serious, a deep furrow creasing his brow.

“Jimmy, self-driving technology is over 40 years old. Some of the most sophisticated anti-hacking software known to man had to be developed to preserve the integrity of automobile control systems, seeing as how a car really is a 3-ton deadly weapon. Why are you asking?”

“Pete, please keep this between us. Promise me you will. I think someone may have hacked into Rachel’s car and deliberately caused her accident.”

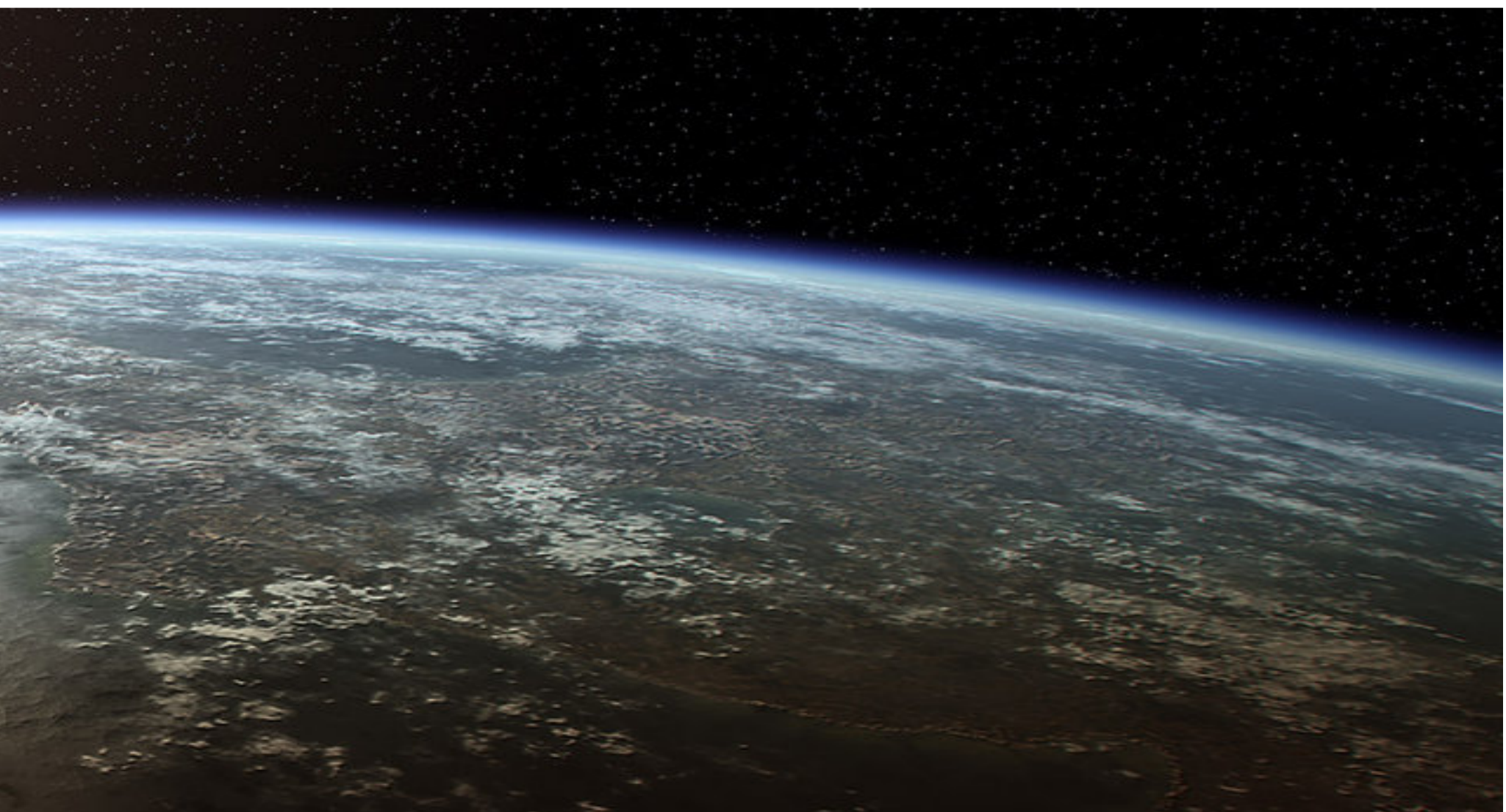
“Jesus. You don’t really think that, do you? Don’t scare me like that, dude. It’s impossible, Jimmy. Those systems are fail-safe, and any car designed after 2045 is equipped with safeguards that

wouldn’t allow that.”

“Pete, you always told me that every computer system has a back door, every system can be hacked. It just takes time and smarts.”

“Yeah, Jimmy, but it’d be easier to hack the Pentagon.” As soon as he said it, he realized that the Pentagon had been hacked ten years earlier.

“Means and motive, Jimmy. Means and motive.” Who would want to harm beautiful Rachel, who didn’t have an enemy in the world? And who would have the capability to defeat the layers of protection built into the self-driving protocols? It would require computing power on a massive scale. I don’t see it. Sometimes, an accident is just that, in Rachel’s case, a tragic accident. I know how it’s still tearing you up and I



still feel horrible, too, but I would say it's next to impossible."

"But it is possible, you're saying."

"Yeah, it's possible. Anything's possible, dude."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmy cut quite a figure in his NASA flight suit as he sauntered down the brightly lighted hallway at the Space Center. A smattering of applause could be heard as eager onlookers dropped what they were doing to stare. People peered out of their doors, giving Jimmy a thumbs-up. One scrub tried to get Jimmy to autograph his cap, but Jimmy brushed past him. He had too much on his mind to even notice. Jimmy was, as they say, in The Zone.

He turned the corner and faced an array of people, many with their phones out, snapping a piece of history. He wasn't expecting quite this much commotion, but he understood. It was a really big deal. He entered Conference Room B and took everything in. Seated at the conference table next to General Whiting were Monty Johnson, Chief Flight Controller for Wishbone, and Jerry Spitzer, Lead Liaison for NASA Communications. Billy Bob Michaels, Lead Engineer for Datassault, the firm that designed, built and tested

Wishbone, stood by the whiteboard with two smartly dressed women he didn't recognize. At the far end of the table were two gorgeous women, also in flight suits.

General Whiting looked up and sternly said, "Dammit, Jimmy, you're late ... so we've scrubbed the mission."

The entire room erupted in laughter, which cut the tension that hung in the room like a thick fog. "I think you know everyone here. Monty and Jerry from NASA. Billy Bob you know all too well. He's the one who designed your tortuous training sessions in The Unit. And this is Lt. Colonel Dorothy Campbell and Colonel Marge Courtland, both from COMRAD. And I think you know these other two ladies, Grace and Fallon, your co-conspirators on this mission. Grace's eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed noticeably. Amazing. How does she do that?

Jimmy had never encountered Fallon before, but he'd always known there'd be a second AI on board. Fallon was the AI Dirk Reynolds designed and trained with. I guess Washington's AI missed the cut. One night at the Iron Horse, between rounds, Dirk had mentioned her name to Jimmy, but not much else. "I call her Fallon. She's my Fallon Angel, get it??" Jimmy thought to himself, "Dirk, you dawg. You went

all pin-up on me.” Jimmy winked at Fallon sitting at the end, who looked up and smiled politely.

General Whiting wasted no time. “Monty, why don’t you get us started.”

“Thank you, General. Well, Jimmy, Grace and Fallon, it’s time to get this party started. You’ve got the best ground crew that’s ever been assembled for a space mission, and that’s no exaggeration. They’ve worked just as hard as you three have for this mission, and probably lost more sleep than any of you. You’re in good hands, you three. Launch is at Oh Seven Hundred tomorrow. Variable

in the backup communications pod, but that’s been resolved. Everything is looking good, all telemetry stations reporting, the astronauts on the International Space Station have been doing some tidying it up, getting it ready for some visitors on Friday.”

Colonel Courtland stood up and interrupted. “General, pardon me, but I have the President on the line.”

The General barked, “Put him on the speakerphone. President Endicott, this is General Whiting at the Command Center. Thank you for calling in. You’re on the speaker phone with a cast of characters, but I’m guessing

“Your courage inspires us - - your determination motivates us - - your sacrifice will change the course of history.”

winds at 5 knots from the northeast, Wishbone is in final systems check, ready for liquid oxygen at Oh Four Hundred tomorrow. Where’re we at now, Jerry?”

Jerry looked at his watch and replied, “T-minus 16 hours, 17 minutes and counting.”

“We had an electrical glitch yesterday

you want to speak with Jimmy Madison. Mr. President, he’s right here. Go ahead.”

“Jimmy, can you hear me okay?”

“Yes, Mr. President, loud and clear. Thank you for calling. Means a lot, sir.”

“Jimmy, on behalf of a grateful nation,

I want to express my profound admiration not only for the manner in which you've served your country until now, but for the example you're setting for generations to come. Your courage inspires us - - your determination motivates us - - your sacrifice will change the course of history. You are a true American hero. I speak not only for our great country and our citizens, who now have every reason to dream big, but on behalf of world leaders who have been tying up the lines here at the White House sending their congratulations. Frankly, Jimmy, it's been hard to get anything done around here for the past few days." The room broke into laughter again but quickly quieted down.

"Jimmy, as your Commander in Chief, and by the authority of the Congress of the United States of America, I hereby bestow upon you the highest award this country has to give military personnel, the Medal of Honor, to commend you for your commitment and your heroism. General, please do the honors."

General Whiting strode over to Jimmy and from a square blue box, produced the five-starred medal hanging from a blue ribbon and placed it over Jimmy's head.

"You have served your country with unflagging distinction, and we are

grateful for that. Oh, and Jimmy. I have someone else here who wants to say a few words too. Speak straight into the phone, Jennie." President Endicott handed the phone to his seven year-old daughter, Jennifer.

"JIMMY!!! Oh my God! I'm so in love with you, and so is my dog Peppers. We both want to come with you, but I have school tomorrow and Peppers would probably pee in the space ship. God bless you, Jimmy. You're my hero!"

"Okay, darling. Give Daddy back the phone. Well, how's that for some unscripted enthusiasm, Colonel? Out of the mouths of babes..."

"Mr. President, I am overcome with emotion at this very moment, but I thank you for this great and unexpected honor. I promise you, and all of my fellow Americans, I will devote every ounce of my energy to ensure a successful mission, and I will do my utmost to be deserving of this award. I won't let you down, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmy, Grace and Fallon stepped into the elevator at the base of Wishbone, Jimmy alone carrying a portable oxygen canister. Words are insufficient to describe the sheer scale of the launch pad itself. The hiss of steam

issued from pipes and hoses. Steel superstructures loomed on all sides, dials and gauges everywhere. The sounds of metal clanging against metal, and bells and whistles, literally, could be heard all around them. Twirling red warning lights spun like dervishes around the technicians who were giving Wishbone one final love pat.

The elevator went up to a dizzying height and jerked to a stop. Two techs met the crew as the elevator door opened, and they were escorted across the gantry to the open door of the ship. Grace and Fallon entered first, and Jimmy turned to take one last look at the land he loved so much, the land that now so completely loved him back. A gull glided below him, giving him a sense of the dizzying height where he now stood. And figuratively, Jimmy now was at the pinnacle of his storied career. He remembered a Thanksgiving dinner as a boy, where he fought for the wishbone. Now he had the biggest wishbone of all. Jimmy felt tears welling up in his eyes. He'd never see this beautiful world again.

"This is John Graham of CBS News in Washington, interrupting this broadcast with breaking news. It's been two and half years of dedicated preparation and tireless effort on the part of literally thousands of people, but we are now within one hour of the launch of

Wishbone One, the first manned space flight to the planet Mars, where Colonel James Madison hopes to be the first human ever to set foot on another planet. Bill Ashcroft is at the launch site. Bill, what can you tell us about this historic moment?"

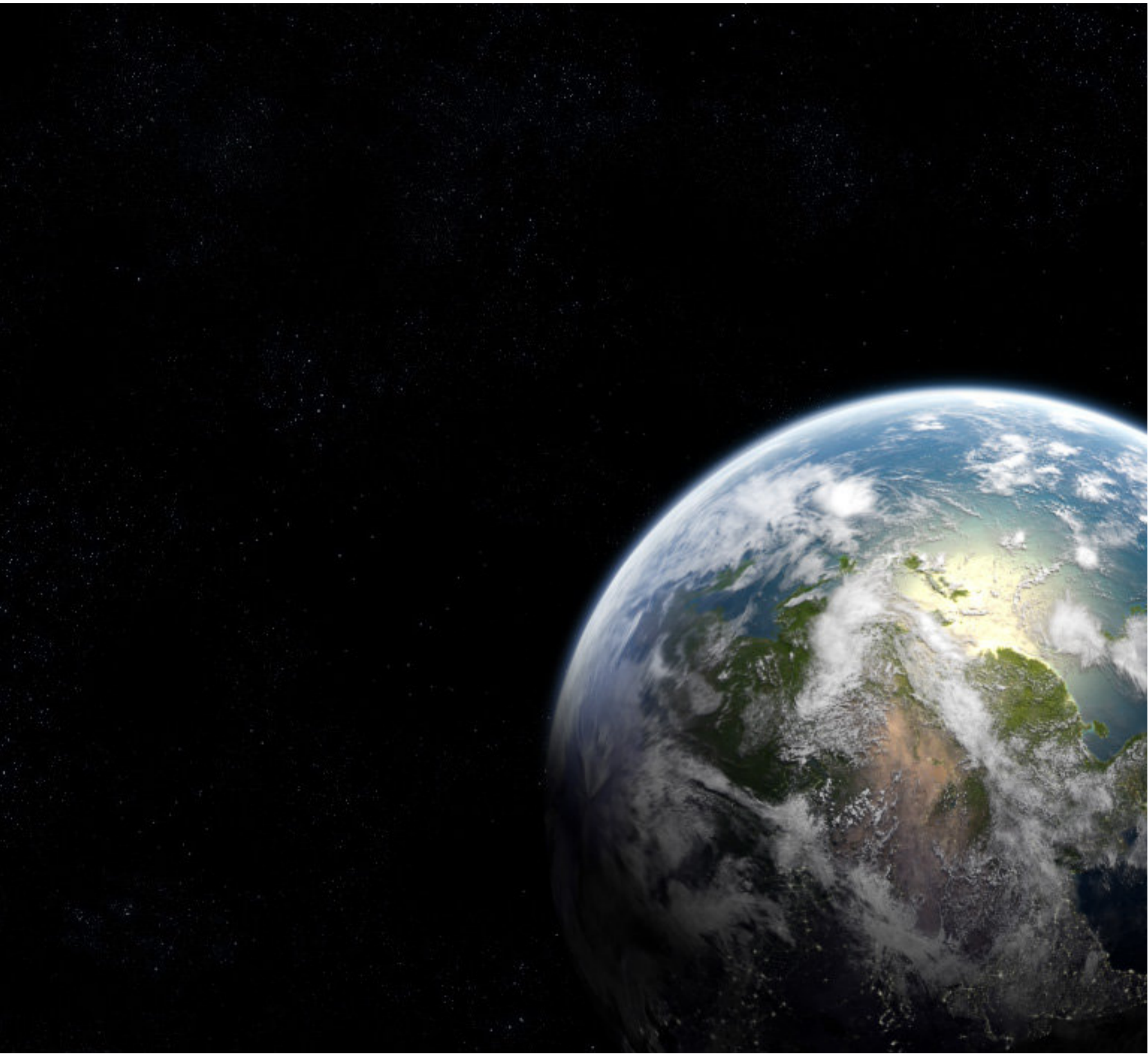
"Thank you, John. As you can see behind me, Wishbone One stands majestically on the launch pad here on what is a perfectly beautiful day. I'm told that astronaut Jimmy Madison, flanked by two AIs who will accompany him on this mission, have just entered the ship and are going through their final pre-launch checks. I'm also told this is going to be the most highly watched event in the history of television. On July 20, 1969, 14% of the world's population, or approximately 530 million people, watched Neil Armstrong take his first step on the surface of the moon. Today, John, we're expecting over one billion people - - that's right, one billion - - to be tuning in. There's a palpable excitement in the air now, and a crowd of over 10,000 onlookers is next to me. John, it's a great day to be an American, and a great day for all of humankind as Wishbone One embarks on its historic journey to the Red Planet, the planet Mars. Back to you, John."

\* \* \* \* \*

We have T-minus two minutes, 45 seconds and counting. Launch vehicle power is engaged. Flight termination system is armed. T-minus one minute, 56 seconds and counting. First stage thrust vector activated. All tanks at flight pressure. Fuel is Go. Engines are Go. Communications is Go. Computers are Go. Crew is Go. We have T-minus 20 seconds and counting.

Arm pyrotechnics. Go for launch. T-minus 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... engine ignition ... 4... 3... 2... 1... we have Lift Off. And Wishbone One, the world's first manned interplanetary spacecraft, is on its way to the planet Mars. Giddyup!"

· r — e — z ·





Looking for product to be seen by thousands of people?

Looking for your product to be seen on the web?

Tired of those ads that are really going nowhere while costing you a fortune?


If the answer is yes then rez is the answer for you. With thousands of subscribers in-world and a complete online presence, you can't go wrong advertising on rez

To join the rez family please contact:  
Jami Mills in world or at [JMills312@gmail.com](mailto:JMills312@gmail.com)  
for more information.

# rez

## The SL Arts and Life Magazine



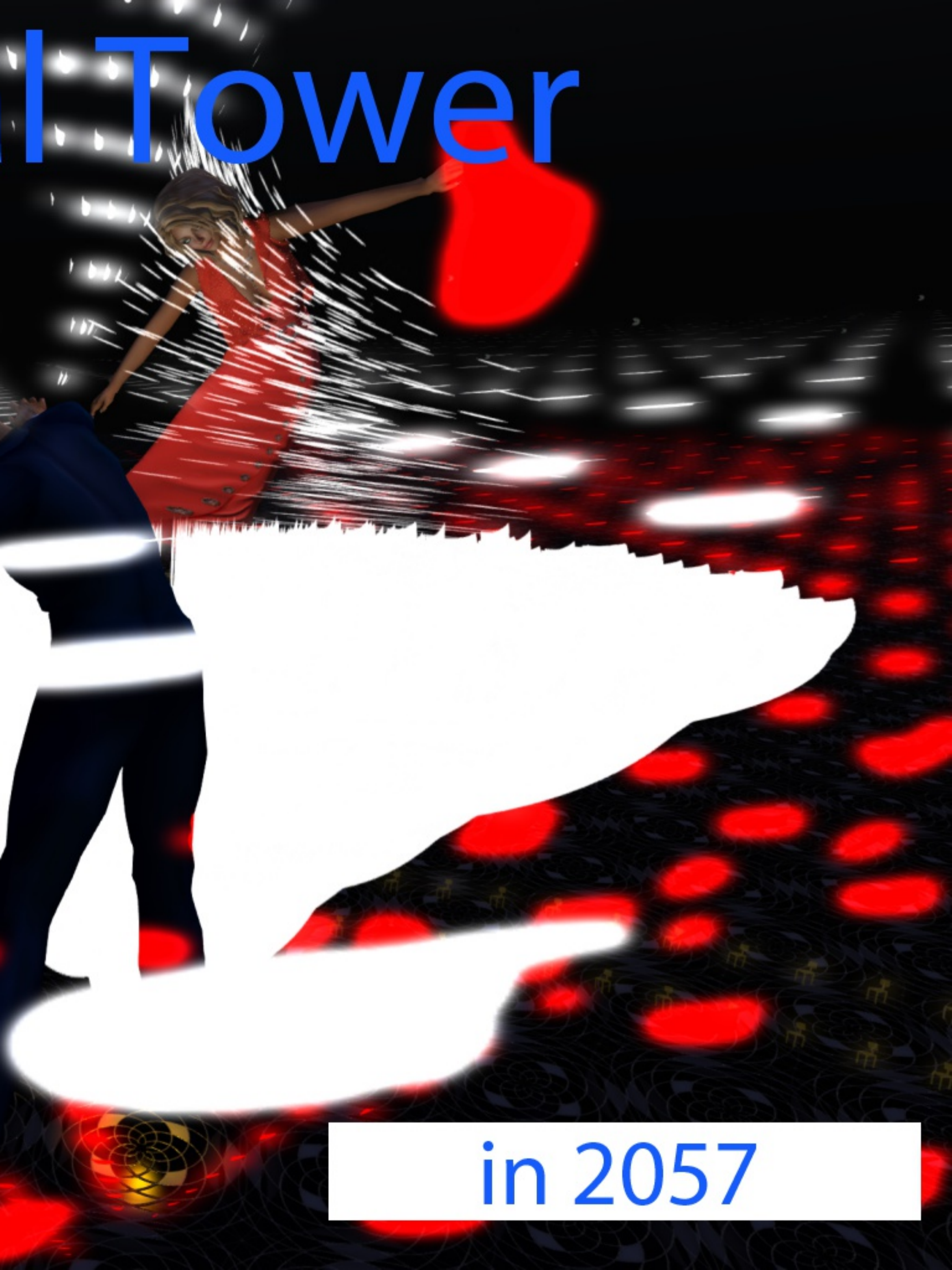


photography  
jami mills

# The Surrea

A surreal digital artwork. In the foreground, a person's arm and hand, clad in a dark blue suit, reach out holding a glowing white sphere. The person stands on a dark, textured surface covered with numerous small, glowing red spots. The background is a dark, cosmic space filled with streaks of white light and a large, bright red comet-like shape in the upper left. The overall mood is mysterious and otherworldly.

written by TSNKO

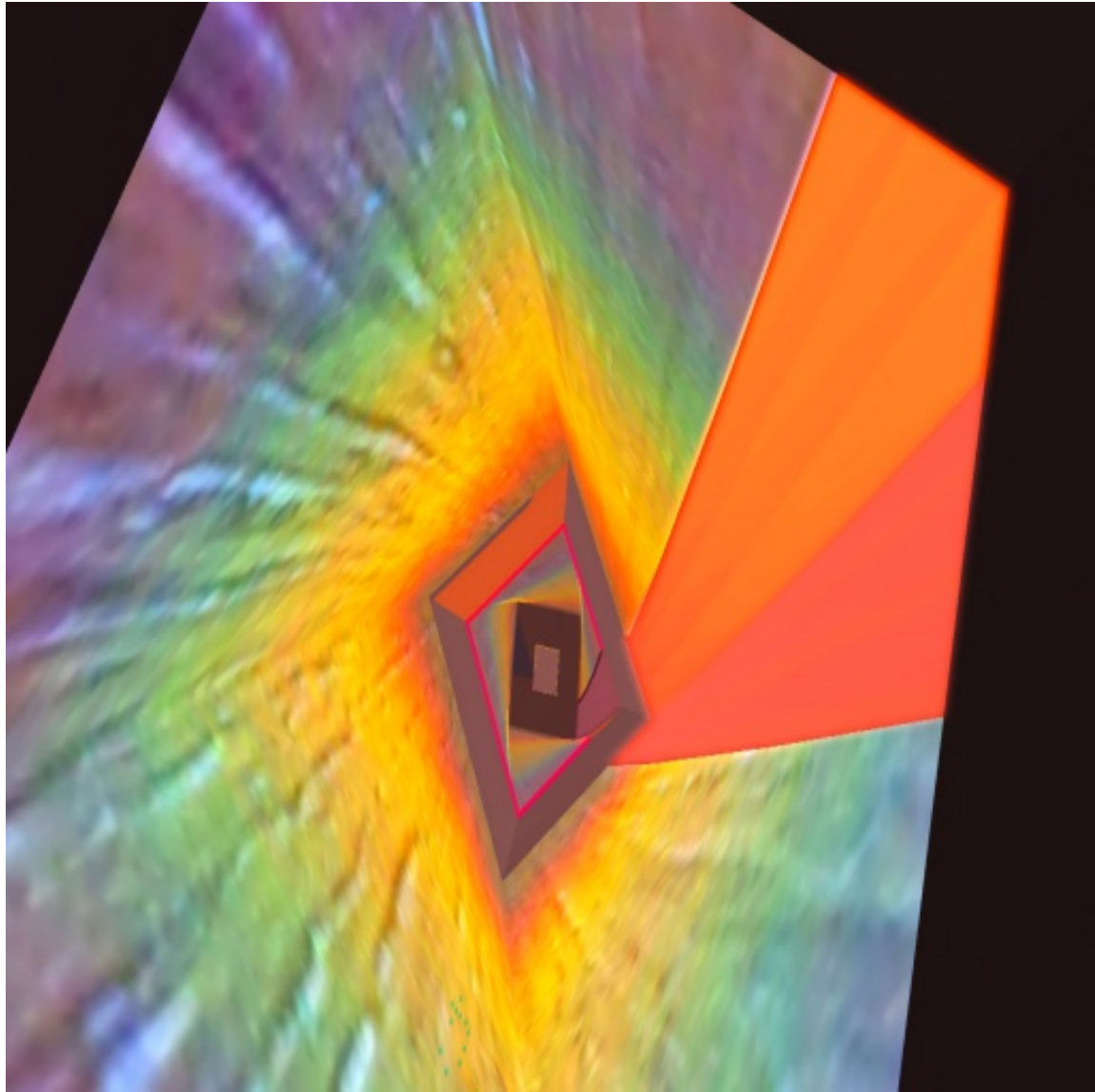


# IT Tower

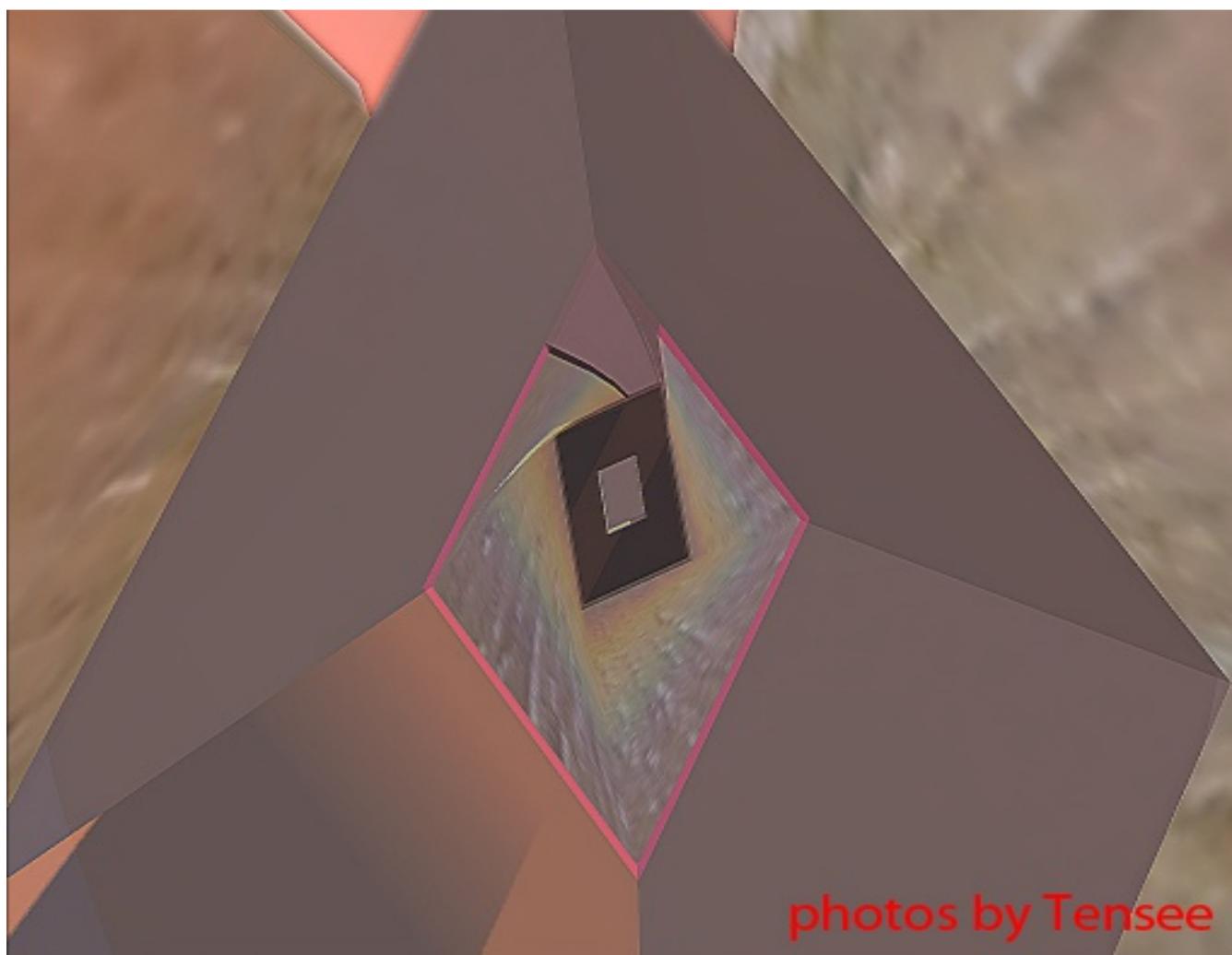
in 2057

I am a contemporary witness. One who got “the invite” in person. Not my avatar, no. I got it in person. To be one of the invited means more than it seems. It does not really matter if my art was outstanding or not at the time I made it. I know it now as I head to my Digital Life facing my analogue end at the age of 67. The doctors give me less than a month. Time to use the exploit I once found out in the prim technology to put this letter inside and to backdate the restore so it shall reach *rez*, The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine, in February 2016.

I hope the letter gets within reach of the editor before the exploit is fixed and time runs again smoothly. Being an analogue entity, time is so important for me, so it's crucial to be invited. If



the invite is not in person it is called “sponsored” and so you are “a sponsored one.” To be sponsored is not bad. Some who have a high paying job at one of the BIG 8 - - Alphabet, Oracle, Cyberphoria, Halcydonia, dreamhack ... you know them all in the future - - have it in their contract instead of health insurance. I don't want you to feel sorry for them or for your kids' future when I place my lines in a time capsule with destination *Past Times* so you are able to read them right now. It makes sense from their point of view. To be sponsored is easy going if your avatar is invited this way. All the



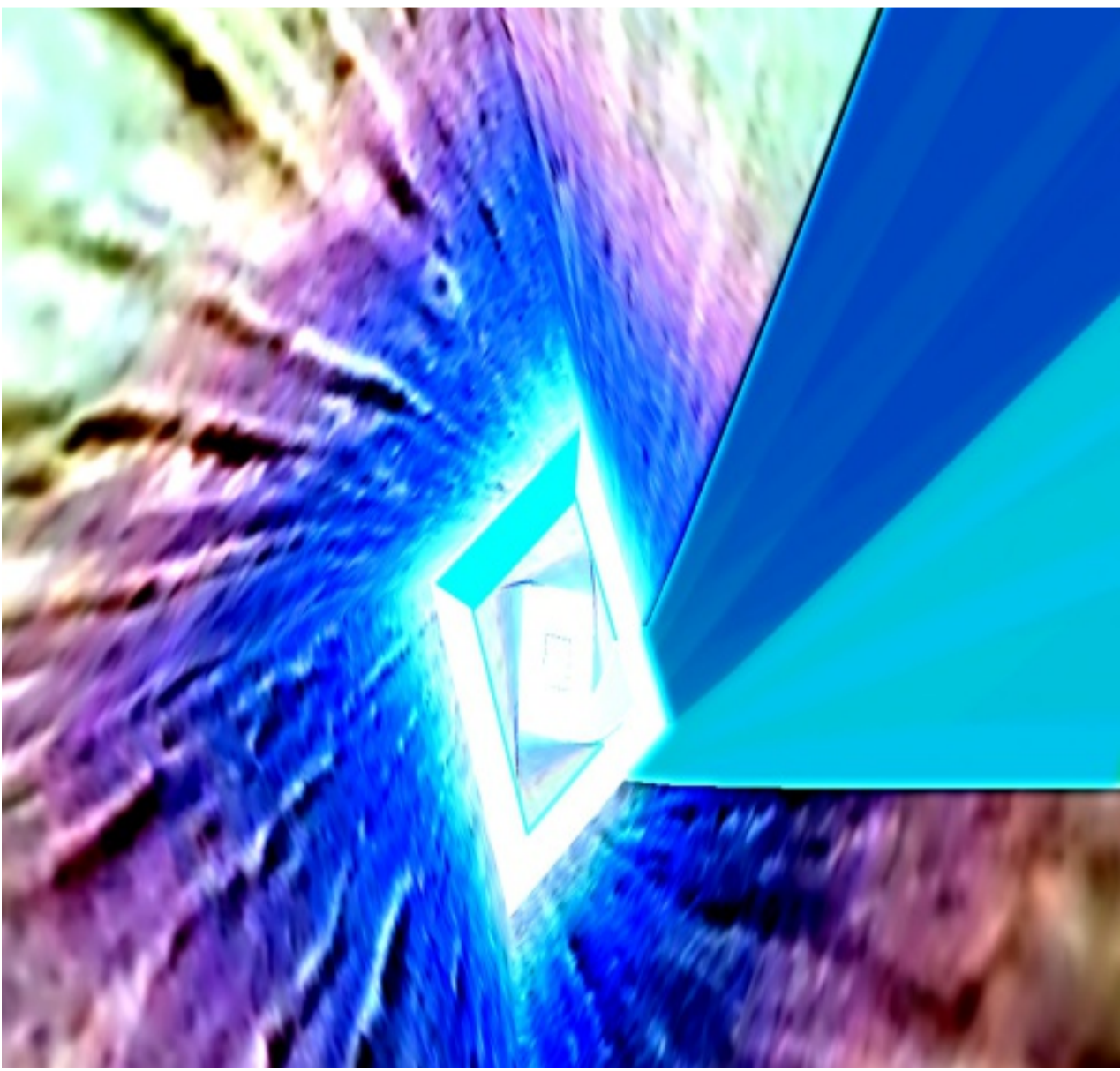
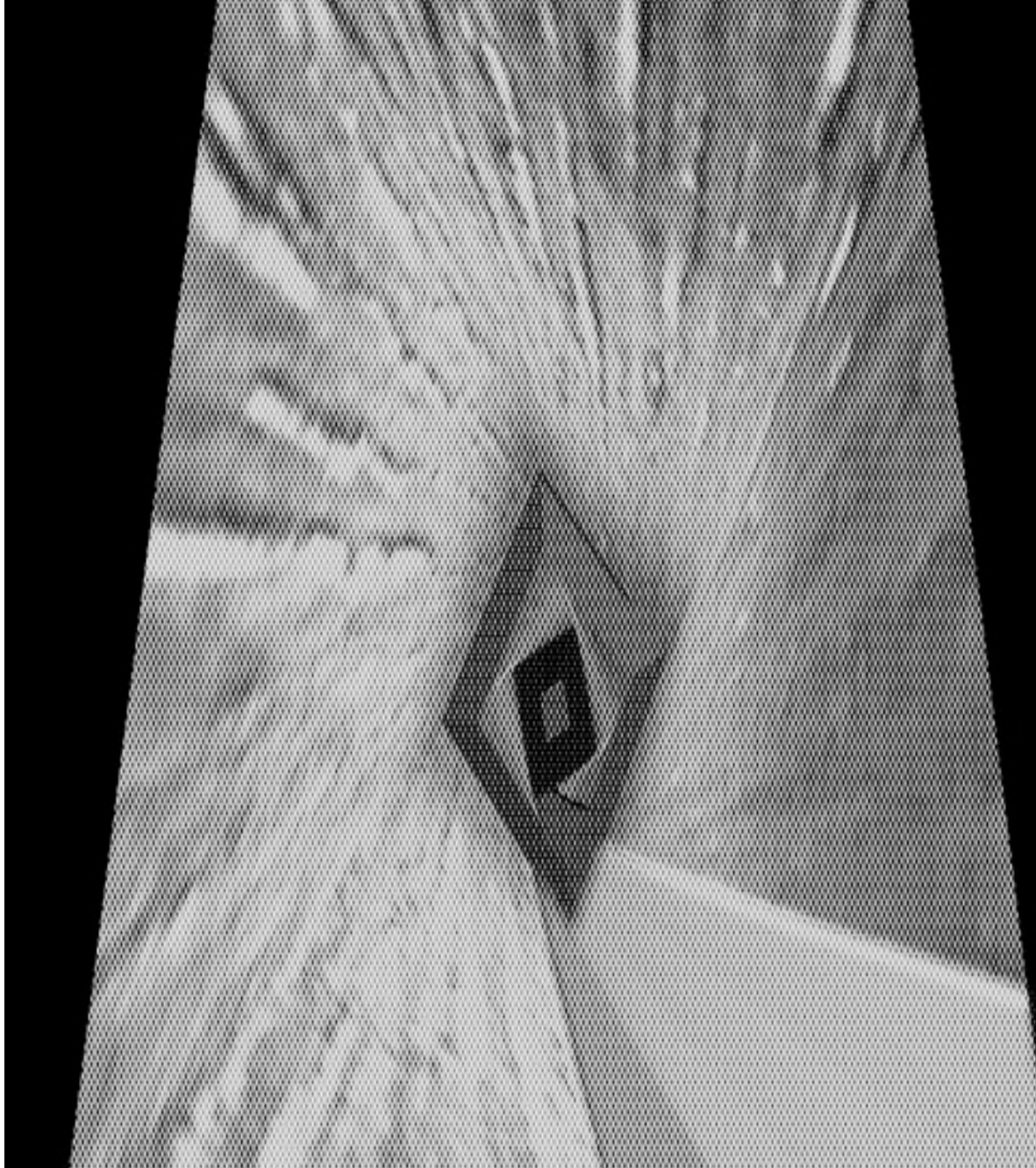
photos by Tensee

protocols and service tags are settled and the upload runs on certified services. It was not so as I was invited by Art Blue to bring my art to the Surreal Tower. I got a LEA AIR grant the year in round 9 and could bring a copy of my artwork to opensimulator.

It was some years before Second Life ended and a new generation of virtual worlds took over. My tower, one of 12, is now an Artefact of Art. Art is digital. All art is digital because all sensors are digital. I am one of the last who has just one eye digital and one analogue. Maybe that's a tribute to Art Blue who motivated me once to keep the past

alive. I don't see Presence - - that's my sacrifice. Presence the way James K.

Morrow describes in one of his novels. I have to miss Presence, the effect when one can literally feel the depth. With one digital eye and a lens I mount on my analogue eye, I just get immersive 3D, like at times where Art Blue lived and the imagination of the inhabitants with the resource to trick oneself. The end of the first half of the 21th century will be a break, a caesura. It will get known as The Cleft of 2047 when the last time capsule for analogue art is closed.



## *Publisher's Note:*

*I just received a message from what might be TSNKO from the future. It states these lines are the New Tears in the Rain Dialogue:*

*“People, you won’t believe I have seen a sailor, called a swimmer passing Halcydonia near the Restaurant At The End Of The Universe heading to the Surreal Tower of Van Ceriaptrix flickering in One particles of the Tansee gate raising. Such moments will be lost in time like tears in the rain if you don’t care for your environment in present times.”*

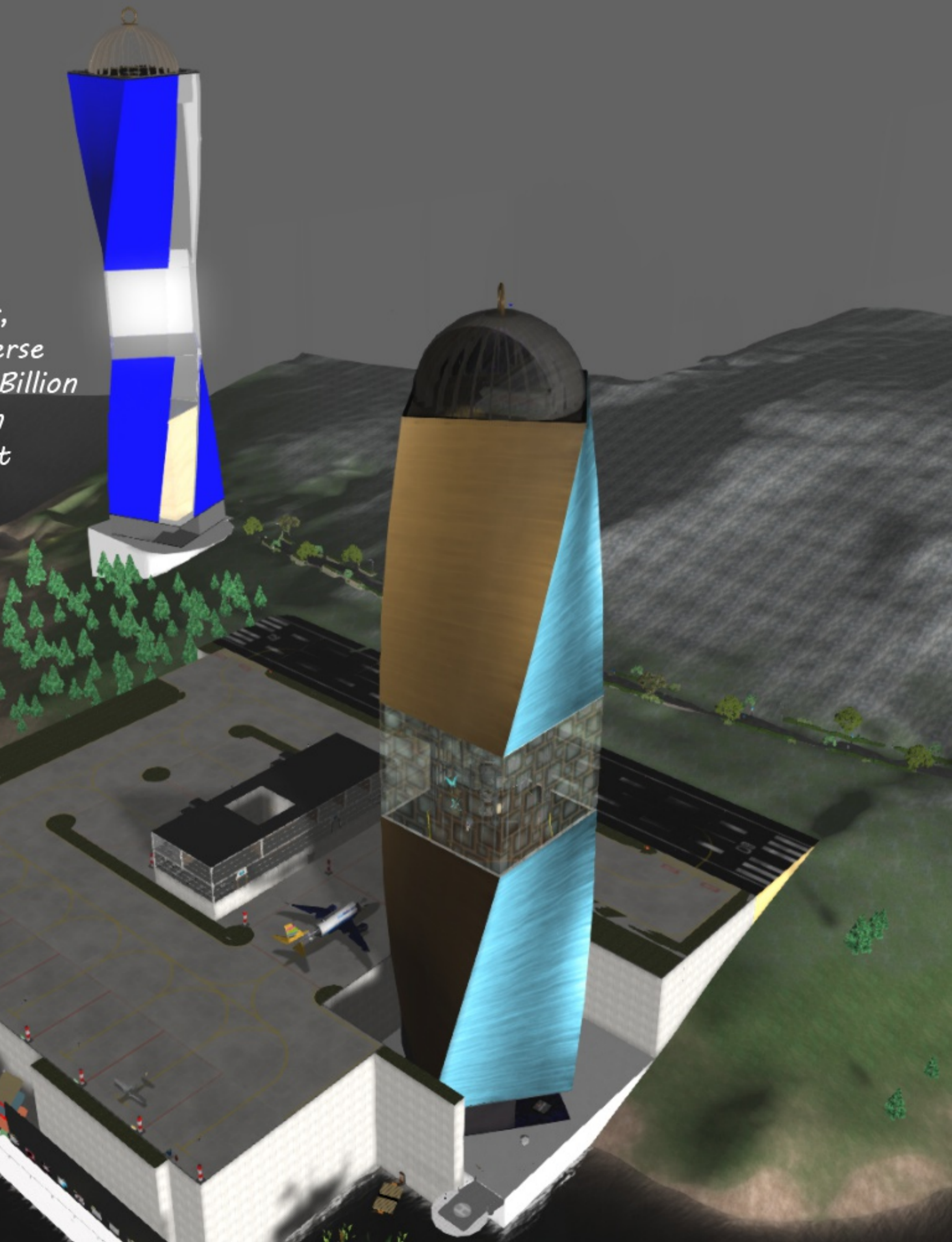
*I asked Tansee, as I found her name in Second Life, if she has anything to do with the One Billion Raising Revolution – shortlink <http://is.gd/onebillion> – and she said “Yes, indeed. I performed for the charity with the particles of my Surreal Tower” and I gasped. Tansee gave me some pictures one where she drifts with Art Blue in her LEA AIR grant called 10 Dimensions, running at LEA29 until June 30, 2016.*

*Maybe the future already hits us now.*

*Jami Mills*



,  
erse  
Billion  
n  
t



Luckily I was asked in 2016 - just right in time - so the Digital Heritage Act – all digital art made before 2017 took effect. Now you understand why it is of no relevance if my work is a great piece of art at this time or not - - the work is now just old! I am thankful that Art Blue persuaded me, as I was hesitant to bring my work as a copy from Second Life to opensim with all this double work ahead. He showed me his computer drawings of 1976 on paper and said, “These weird lines drawn by a plotter on command by a TR440 computer are now in Kunsthalle Bremen just because they are old.” Now I can add “70 years before The Cleft.”

Later I discovered that Art Blue used the military version of opensimulator to keep the art in the Surreal Towers alive. I, a peaceful person, young and innocent at these times as I got the Artist in Residence grant by Linden Lab, now forever in a Military Metaverse? No way! But now as I have to face the end of my biological days I see how smart this move was. The only opensim version running under a Virtual Machine is VM by Oracle and the simulator developed by San Francisco State University. The name of this military version: MOSES in a Box. For up to 20 years some major grids like Metropolis, Francogrid, Osgrid, Craftgrid kept the migration path alive, but then sadly they ended.

Only the VM version survived, as the software inside needs no upgrade. I have to thank the Military Open Simulator Enterprise Strategy for keeping my work in the Surreal Tower alive. Now keeping old software on the run is no longer a big deal. AIs take care of software transformations.

Back to what I wanted to give you on your way is: I got the grant. The Life grant. I am a poor artist; all my life I had to struggle on money issues. My life was full but I did not want to run like a hamster in a wheel. I read the story *Ocean Dream (Der Traum vom Meer)*, written by Herbert W. Franke in 1974, and some of you may know this dream did not work well (*rez Magazine* November/December 2015). To die naturally and with honor was my target, but as death came closer, I changed my mind and now I am no longer TSNKO – The Still Not Known One. I will be one of 12 of The Still Known and get an upload for free.

***TSNKO about the photos: “I got totally sidetracked by admiring the architectural structure and taking some pictures of the perspective from the top of my tower looking down. I am using the textures of some RL photos I took of prism light reflecting on various surfaces.”***

. r — e — z .

# CALL FOR ARTISTS 2016

<http://santorinibiennale.gr/2016/>



1st Sept 2016 – 15 Oct 2016  
3rd edition

// **Alice's adventures in Wonderland.  
Who is Alice, where is wonderland  
and what is the Wonder?**

**EARLY PERIOD: 290€ - 4 Feb 2016 to 10 Mar 2016**

Pre-registration fee: 60€

*(100% return in case of not accepted.)*

Final payment of 230€ after Letter of Acceptance.

Student Fees: -50% (LEA, UWA grant holders included)

Contact section IMMERSIVIA: [artblue@santorinibiennale.gr](mailto:artblue@santorinibiennale.gr)



Spring of '84

by Consuela



a Hypatia Caldwell

**I**t was the Spring of 1984, the second year in a row where the snowpack feeding the rivers of the Colorado Drainage was at or near record levels. Mudslides from overly saturated hillsides were devouring homes as creeks turned into rivers and rivers overflowed their banks. Dams were releasing water as fast as they could through their flood gates to keep them from washing away.

I grew up running these rivers. This was where I learned the art of river running. Before 1983, I would sit on the banks of the Yampa River at the Lily Park launch site and imagine what it would be like to have so much water that the river would overflow its banks and consume the surrounding floodplain. What would the rapids in the canyon be like? I never thought I'd live to see the day it would really happen. In 1983, it did happen and 1984 brought another year of record snowpack to the Colorado drainage. On the Little Snake River, just above its confluence with the Yampa, a dam was taken out by the high water, adding even more cubic feet of water to an already swollen river.

As a professional river guide, this was an ideal year to be working on the Yampa and Green Rivers, but because I was already committed to running single day trips through Split Mountain on the Green, I was left behind when a

large six-boat trip, loaded in crew-cab trucks, made their departure from the boatyard for a three-day trip on the Yampa. They were equipped with large, heavy 22-foot rafts cut down from army surplus bridge pontoons.

Two days after their launch, one of the boatmen on that fateful trip showed up at the Echo Park Ranger Station to call out for help. The big rafts with their heavy wooden floorboards were too unwieldy, even with passengers walking around, to make the maneuver necessary to miss the huge hole at the bottom of Warm Springs rapid. The first boatman through, was unable to make the cut and had almost tipped over. He was washed downstream by a strong swift current, without his passengers.

The next boatman flipped his boat end for end in the hole. The sight of two of the company's most experienced boatmen, outclassed by the rapid, was sufficiently intimidating for the rest of the boatmen; they concluded that the rapid was too dangerous to be run in the large boats. A sheer cliff, just downstream from Warm Springs, on the right hand bank, prevented anyone from having an easy hike out. This also prevented the passengers of the boat that washed downstream from hiking down to the boat, which was now inaccessible.

I had just returned from running a one-day when the outfitter, who was my father, told me that he and another boatman were preparing a rescue in the company's 33-foot motorized Cataract rigs. Dad pulled me aside and told me that I would be taking a single boat trip on the Yampa that had been originally scheduled for one of the boatmen on the stranded trip.

boatman, with three passengers sitting on a seat at the other end in front of the boatman, who sat in the center. One more passenger sat on top of the duffle. On multi-day trips, this made the rigs back-end heavy. This weight distribution made it harder for the rafts to track in the current. With the duffle stacked so high in the back, they were top heavy, making them more prone to tip over.

I was faced with the challenge of running a one-boat trip on flood stage water in a rig not well designed for large volume white water.

The next day I got busy packing the trip I was to run the following morning. It was a frantic pack that included inflating and rigging the 17½-foot Avon Spirit raft onto a flatbed trailer. I was faced with the challenge of running a one-boat trip on flood stage water in a rig not well designed for large volume white water. Because of this, I took extra care in rigging the raft for optimum maneuverability and stability. It required distributing the load in a way that went against the original design of the raft's frame and floorboard.

The rigging on the raft was set up to hold duffle and excess gear in webbing at the back of the raft behind the

I had decided that some of the gear, especially heavy items such as cast iron Dutch ovens and griddles and grates, needed to be moved out of the duffle pile. The back two cross bars of the metal frame on the raft held a food box suspended above the floor of the raft. The guide also used this as a seat when rowing. Instead of putting food in the food box, I put it all in large 35mm Ammo cans that I found in the boatyard. I put the cans on the suspended wooden floorboard on both sides of where I positioned my legs when rowing. This filled up what was normally empty space at the center of the raft. I took the Dutch ovens and other miscellaneous gear out of the duffle and put them in the food box,

bringing even more weight closer to the center of the raft.

A food cooler was placed up against the frame's crossbar in front of where I sat. I used it as a foot brace as I rowed. The front crossbar was also used to hang the griddles and grates with cam

duffle bags onto the bar in front of me, making a back rest for the passengers while taking more weight out of the back and putting more of it forward in front of me. With the passengers sitting on the thwart in the front, I had the load just how I wanted it. The gear and its weight were spread out with most of



straps. Dangling precariously, they would most likely be washed out if the raft tipped over, but I was thinking more about having a load that would maneuver well and be less likely to tip over in big water. I even strapped some of the passengers personal waterproof

it below tube level, keeping a low center of gravity that increased stability.

It was early evening by the time I quit packing for the day. Even then, I still had more to do the next morning when

I arrived for the trip. I told Dad (who had made it back from the rescue the night before) that I needed to take extra care packing and that we'd still make it to camp early in the afternoon with the high water. But he was nervous about making the passengers wait. He hurried me along and to help, he went

light and strong."

Feeling frazzled and anxious, I finished rigging the raft on the trailer and met the passengers. They consisted of a couple and a rather large male friend of theirs. I was also given a trainee named Clark, who was a short stocky man of



into the boathouse to get my oars. When he came out, he handed me three smokers. I had some reservations about them because they were thin wooden oars. With little time to think and haggle about the oars, I took them with Dad's reassurance that they were "fast,

about 25 years of age who had just driven in from Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

It was a routine trip to the river, using the time to get to know the passengers and to orient them as to what to expect. The whole drive, I was nervous

because the river level hadn't gone down much since the mishap with the big boats two days early.

My heart rate quickened and a low-level panic set in as we drove past Lily Park, the usual launch site for the Yampa. The water was over the banks and any impulse to put in from the road was extinguished by the sight of the huge cottonwoods forming snags in the current, submerging their trunks. So we proceeded to the launch site at the end of the road. Putting the boat in the water took very little time, but we were still running behind the usual schedule.

After serving lunch, we eventually finished packing and getting the passengers aboard. I showed Clark how to coil the rope and slip it under the duffle line. I told him that he was in for an adventure, but because of the water level, he wouldn't get much time on the oars. With everyone loaded, the driver shoved the raft into the rapidly moving current. The power of the river became evident by the way water piled onto the upstream tube, driving us downstream. The raft's velocity increased even more as we entered the canyon, with its towering red and white sandstone walls. The original high water mark on the shore line was now irrelevant and more than 20 feet underwater. It was a semi-overcast day, giving the canyon and high water an

awesome forbidding feel. The sight of a turkey vulture silhouetted against the cliffs added to the drama as the boat raced downstream.

The first 27 miles of the Yampa River Canyon has a drop of more than 20 feet per mile. In contrast, the Grand Canyon with all of its rapids drops on average at about 9 feet per mile. The volume of water typical of a much larger river being forced through a narrow canyon, dug by a smaller river, increased the current's power and speed.

Normally it takes over an hour to make it to Teepee, the first rapid. That day it only seemed like a half an hour. Most, if not all, rapids on the Yampa are formed from sediment washed out of side canyons. Teepee is no different. The right-hand bank is a sheer wall of rock and dirt that was washed in from a side canyon, narrowing the channel. The rapid normally consists of a huge hole in the center, followed by a fun wave train. That day it was transformed into one huge wave train that extended beyond the normal end of the rapid. I ran the raft onto the shoulders of the waves staying out of the middle, not knowing the size and character of the waves hidden from view by the waves before them. I could tell that Clark and the passengers were impressed by the big water; I was for sure. Even still, I was feeling better

about the trip. I was feeling good about how the raft handled the big water. I was in a meditative zone, feeling almost omnipotent as the raft went where I pointed it, as I read the current with an expertise developed from many years of rafting.

The rest of the day on the water was spent running large wave trains where there were normally not any rapids, and running sections of flat water that

Knowing how fast the current ran by camp in lower water, I took the precaution of pulling in against the bank far above camp. I then rowed upstream to slow the boat down enough to keep Clark from getting rope burns, or worse, being dragged into the river trying to pull us in by the bowline. Normally the kitchen in the campsite would be 50 to a 100 feet from the river. On this day, the water

...Warm Springs. It was the rapid that had, just a few days before, flipped a large, heavy, 22-foot neoprene raft end for end.

were rapids in lower water. It became evident that I was feeling overconfident when the wind blew my hat into the river. As my attention was on the task of fishing it out, the raft, which was moving faster than I was used to, came up on what was normally a huge boulder. It was transformed into a huge pour over hole. I was able to get back on the oars just in time to pivot the raft around to the side of it. The raft straightened up and plunged over the corner of the drop off, as I frantically pulled on the oars to keep from getting sucked back in.

Even with the late start, we arrived at our camp, Harding's Hole, by 3:00 pm.

was up near the edge of the kitchen, making it easier to haul gear from the boat.

Dinner that night and breakfast the next morning were routine. Having Clark along to delegate busy work to and do some heavy lifting was helpful. Everything went smoothly in camp. After a fun day of running large rapids in big water, I was feeling good about the trip. But the true test would be on Day Two when I faced the challenge of Warm Springs. It was the rapid that had, just a few days before, flipped a large, heavy, 22-foot neoprene raft end for end.

After Harding's Hole, the river flattens



out and meanders through majestic Weber sandstone Cliffs, with streaks of desert varnish running down them. It's one of the most unique and beautiful sections of river anywhere, with geological features that make it a geologist's paradise. This section of river usually takes until mid to late afternoon to reach Warm Springs. Even though we stopped to hike up to Mantel's Cave to see Indian ruins, we were at Warm Springs before lunch.

The flat water and beauty of the canyon lulled me into a relaxed state of mind that dissipated slowly, as the low roar of Warm Springs became audible from far upstream and gradually got louder as we floated nearer to the rapid. When I saw the choked off section of river and the horizon line marking the entrance of the rapid, I was tempted to just run it and get it over with. I knew the run was down the right side and felt that looking would make me even more anxious. Instead I pulled into the back eddy at the top to do the usual scout.

Warm Springs rapid was formed in 1965 by a flash flood that washed thousands of tons of rocks, boulders and other sediment into the river, damming it up for part of a day. The river finely cut a channel down the left side against a cliff, forming one of the most challenging rapids in the Colorado Drainage. The largest

boulder in the channel is at the bottom, forming a huge hole that is notorious for flipping rafts in medium to high water.

As I climbed over the boulders and rounded the corner, I could see that the hole at the bottom had been transformed into a massive wall of white water, exploding at different intervals launching water into the air. It covered three-quarters of the river, leaving very little room to maneuver around it. The thundering roar of the rapid alone was impressive and the sight and sound of it put me into a state of heightened arousal like I'd rarely experienced before in my life. For a while I couldn't respond to the passengers' questions. I was totally absorbed, working my way down the bank, studying the shoreline on the right side, watching the current's direction and velocity, and memorizing every rock and hole. I made mental notes as to which obstacles I wanted to float over to slow the raft down to maintain control. Keeping the raft on the right side of the rapid was key. At the bottom, just above the hole, there was about 30 feet of flatter, boiling water to the right, just above the hole. That was my intended destination at the bottom. I knew that if I got into the main current in the center, I'd miss the calmer water and end up in the hole. On the way back to the raft, I slowly made my way up the bank, making

mental images of every rock and hole and where I wanted my boat to be in relation to them.

When I returned to the raft, I went to work checking and tightening straps, taking slack out of the duffle line and making sure nothing was loose in the raft. When I was done, I looked up and saw Clark and my largest passenger sitting on the bank staring at me. I'd told the passengers that it would just be me and Clark running the rapid. They were to walk around. But here was about 250 pounds of live ballast pleading with me to let him run the rapid. It was then that I made a very risky but fortunate decision. I said yes. He was elated and I was saddled with a new worry that I might drown a passenger. I tried to intimidate him into changing his mind, telling him that this could end up being the worst day of his life if we tipped over. But he would not back down.

Now I was ready. I had the load in the raft exactly how I wanted it. I even had my two heaviest passengers placed in the front of the boat for ballast. I told them that I was aiming for the calmer water on the right side, but if anything went wrong, we'd end up in the hole. I told them that if that happened, they were to get in the bilge, as low to the floor as they could get. I showed them where to hold onto the life line and was emphatic about needing their



weight below tube level on the raft. I even made them practice getting down a few times.

With my passengers on the raft, I left them to run around the corner to make sure I could still see the run from the top. I was confident in my plan but anxious about all the things that could go wrong. I ran back to the boat, untied the bowline, coiled it and shoved the boat into the river.

Keeping the raft perpendicular to the current with my back to the right hand bank, I hugged the right side of the rapid looking for all of the rocks and holes that I'd just memorized. I took all the opportunities to slow my raft down, running over rocks and hitting the small holes and sleepers. My strategy was to keep the current from taking



complete control of the raft. The run was going as planned as I rounded the corner of the rapid. I used a trick I frequently used when running rapids. With my boat now at an angle to the current, I put the blade of my downstream oar behind the rock, using the hole behind it to get more resistance from the water breaking back. Without touching a rock, the current and the force of my pull stroke snapped the thin smoker in half. What happened next, to this day, is still vividly imprinted into my memory. With speed that even surprised me, I ripped off the strap on the broken oar, flinging it into the river and undoing the strap holding the spare oar, pulling it out of the rigging and putting it into place in the lock. It all seemed to happen in one lightning-fast movement that seemed to be only few seconds.

Even as fast as I was, by the time I'd changed the oar and pivoted the raft to regain my angle in the current, I was already being washed into the center of the rapid. I was now headed for the gut of the hole. I gave it everything I had to get back to the right side of the river, but I was only able to get the raft headed into the right hand side of the hole. I had rowed us out of the gut but we were still not in a good place. I took every stroke possible before having to turn the raft around to meet the monstrous hole head on. My timing was impeccable as I straightened us out just in time for the bow of the raft slam into a wall of water! With the back of the raft still flat on the water, the front of the boat shot straight up into the air at a 90 degree angle, my passengers above me hanging on in the bilge. The back of the boat then followed the front going vertical. The hole swallowed the back half of the boat with me in it, water hitting me from both sides like a tremendous clap of crashing symbols.

I was lifted off my seat; I felt the oars getting pulled out of my hands as I gripped with desperation. Then I felt a piece of metal frame and then nothing but hydraulics jostling my body in every direction. I was underwater, sure that my boat was upside down. I knew my lifejacket would eventually bring me to the surface, so all I could do is hang out underwater as a feeling of

calm resignation swept over me. After what seemed like forever, my head broke the surface. About 20 feet away was my raft, RIGHT SIDE UP! My passengers sitting on the thwart elbowing each other with wide, goofy grins on their faces, talking about what had just happened. They hadn't even noticed that I'd been washed out of the boat. I screamed and waved until Clark saw me and jumped onto the oars. I swam to the boat and pulled myself up as Clark frantically rowed the boat over to the back eddy to pick up the other passengers before we got swept downstream past the cliff.

Soaking wet and feeling the effect of excessive adrenaline, Clark and I fixed lunch. I got into my dry bag for dry clothes. He and the other passengers told me how the boat had gone vertical and then came up sideways on top of the wave, and slid right side up down the other side. I was feeling fortunate, the river gods were on my side that day and I was grateful. The rest of the trip was uneventful. Even the huge waves in Split Mountain Gorge seemed tame after Warm Springs. I was just happy I didn't lose or break another oar.

As I returned to the boatyard after the trip, my experience was hardly of any interest to any of the other boatmen, who only wanted to talk about the ordeal they had earlier. They spoke of my Dad's beautifully orchestrated

rescue with the Cataract rigs. He was a hero, running his motor rig through Warm Springs with precision and beauty that impressed everyone. He even got the guides to help him line the one Avon Spirit they had down to the middle of Warm Springs, where he rowed it through the rest of the rapid. After all the gear and passengers were loaded onto the Cat rigs, the remaining pontoons were strapped together, side by side, and sent down empty. The pictures of the huge raft flotilla crashing the hole at the bottom were impressive, with the lead raft launched completely out of the water.

After I told Dad my story, he dismissively said, "You should have seen the water a few days earlier!" He then asked, "Did you save that collar on the broken oar? Damn those things are expensive!" I told him that the collar was the least of my concerns - - I was in survival mode. Afterwards, he told me he was glad I'd run that trip.

It was many years later after my father died that my brother John mentioned that Dad had told him that the reason I was on so many one-boat trips through the years was because he felt I was the most skilled boatman in the company and could be trusted not to get into any trouble. If only he'd have mentioned this to me before he died.

· r — e — z ·

# Guerilla Burlesque

An Idle Rogue Production

producer: chryblnd Scribe  
media: Aubreya Jozpe

SL

fractal image by Shadoweddancer

audio file (click h

# SLEEPING WITH ANGELS

BY CHRIS MOONEY-SINGH  
(SINGH ALBATROS)

*“For it is written He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee.”*  
Luke 4:10

“Let’s play,” she said and propped herself up with fingerless gloves by my side in the leaves. She had raven hair, heavy skirt, wide mesh stockings and lace up boots. The butterfly birthmark fluttered on her arm. She was in black, except for red painted fingernails and those ruby nipples. Then, she leaned close and butterfly-kissed my cheek with her eyelashes. She was exquisite. At the same time, I ran my finger down her shoulder blade arriving at some cartilaginous protrusion under the skin.

“Careful,” she said, aroused.

But I pressed, curious. Like a spring loading umbrella her feathered wings opened.

\* \* \*

She rose up above my head causing a storm in the oak leaves.

“It’s okay,” she said. “You had to find out sometime.” Her wing span was twice her height.

“What are you?” I gasped.

“Just a stray creature who needs love,” she answered.

“But you have wings,” I said,

breathless.

“Let me show you something more,” she said. With that she scooped down and drew me up into her arms like a dangling infant, and then with a quick manoeuvre, she jockeyed me onto her back between those massive feathered wings flapping in the air.

“Hold me tight,” she said.

\* \* \*

I grabbed onto her wing blades and we were aloft. The trees became tiny shapes as we ascended beyond the stormy thermals. We journeyed across the city where we had lived, choking in its pall of environmental fug. We reached the coastline with its tiny specks of ant bodies rushing into the surf, or riding them back to shore, and it struck me how much we played like children on the edge. A storm was building and she took me into its cyclonic heart spiraling out into the Atlantic, then passing through clouds and clear weather until we reached another shore.

\* \* \*

We went into Earth orbit. The planet was lit up like one vast power grid, the dark patches being the oceans and deserts, while the Aurora Borealis in the North and the Austral Borealis in the South gave off an eerie green glow. She followed the coastlines and pointed out countries along the way as

spiderweb economies.

“This is your world,” she said. “Burning down to darkness.” I was in awe of the cute goth girl I had only lusted after in school, at parties, discos and out after dark in the woods. How paltry and how little I truly knew.

\* \* \*

No grand eagle’s soaring can compare with her gift, seeing the world’s big party lights destined to fizzle out. My love had been an adolescent romp. All along her elegant wingspread had been the appendage of a transcendent existence. I felt bound to change for good now. Then, with one mighty wingbeat we passed into another dimension where she set me upon a tomb tablet at the top of a mountain.

“Look down there,” she said.

Covering every slope I could see winged creatures just like herself lying or sitting with wings outstretched.

“These are the Guardians,” she said with reverence.

\* \* \*

Each looked different. Some were bearded males and others feminine. Some dressed as party girls, others in shirt and tight pants. There were the suits, there were the robes. Some had gravity, some levity. Some prophetic, some were childlike. There were

animals, there were demons. The infinite variety of creatures on Earth had an equal counterpart here. Now and then, one flapped away. The next moment another would arrive and plump themselves down like members of a bird colony.

“This is the halfway transit station,” she said to me. “We transport to Earth and transition on to other realms from here.”

\* \* \*

“Other realms?” I queried. “Do you mean Heaven?”

“No,” she said. “That’s a story. There are higher possibilities.”

“Why did you bring me here?” I asked. “Am I dead?”

She smiled. “There is no such thing. There is only Progression.”

“You mean I can’t return?”

“There is no past or future, my Earth. Time’s a spiraling helix, a vibratory existence, a Now.”

“What about my home and my family?”

“Am I yours?” She said. “Didn’t we enjoy every pleasure on Earth?”



From nowhere she produced a gold chalice. “Now drink and be free.”

“Like you?”

“Yes.”

“But first you must kill me.”

\* \* \*

“Kill you! What are you talking about?”

“Only one of us can stay. Kill me and take my place. My spirit will reside with you.”

The idea of killing my own darling was repugnant. She produced a blade of black obsidian.

“First plunge this into my heart, collect my blood in the chalice and drink.”

“You think I’m your vampire?”

“Please,” she said. “Do this last thing. I long for Progression.”

With that she thrust the black blade and gold chalice into my hands.

“Now,” she said. “Don’t think. Do it fast!”

And so with deep regret I killed my angel.

\* \* \*

I drank from the chalice, tasting her from raven hair to last red fingernail. The Guardians arose fluttering wings in concert together, expressing one exaltation. I felt a deep remorse for my act, yet from that agony, cartilage began breaking through my skin until, with a violent snap, sinews burst fully feathered from my once-human shoulder blades. Black wings waiting to be born outstretched with transcendent authority and power, but the aching loss and gnawing loneliness was unbearable.

There was only one course left to me.

I lifted my wings and left for Earth to search for my new life companion.

. r — e — z .



Publisher

**Jami Mills**

Senior Editor

**Friday Blaisdale**

Art Director

**Jami Mills**

Distribution

**Stacey Rome**

Writers

**Mariner Trilling**

**Jullianna Juliesse**

**Jami Mills**

**TSNKO**

**Consuela Hypatia Caldwell**

**Chris Mooney-Singh (Singh Alk**

Poetry Editors

**Mariner Trilling**

**Jullianna Juliesse**

Copy Editors

**Friday Blaisdale**

**Jami Mills**

Graphics Editor

**Jami Mills**

Photographers

**Jami Mills**

editors

patros)

Read *rez* Magazine online at [rezmagazine.com](http://rezmagazine.com)